

# THE RULER OF TUGIDAK

By Emerson Hough

Drawings by F. Victor Hall



"Am I the Only King, or Am I Not?" Says I."

IT was Dick Wilson. But here! How could it be? It could not. But it was! What reason could there be for the presence of Dick Wilson in the middle of the island of Tugidak, that forsaken spot which one reaches by a long running jump from the uttermost edge of uttermost Alaska? For myself, there was the excuse of Government business connected with certain tribal census taking. For him, there was no validating circumstance whatever. I had last seen him ten years ago, six thousand miles or more away, on the island of Manhattan; and even there he was far enough from his natural home in Wyoming. There was nothing in the world to take him to Alaska, and he could not possibly be in Alaska. Yet there he was!

There was no mistaking the height of the figure that approached along the tundra path. There could be no doubt about the set of his shoulders, or the quick, sidewise, suspicious turn of his head, a habit he had acquired in times when now and again he was an object of pursuit. For instance, there was the historic time when he and his friends raided a dance hall and a corral in the same night, and, clad in ballet costume, drove off a bunch of horses over the Red Desert. And again there was the time when he married a Carlisle girl in Oklahoma and sold the remains of his revered and deceased mother in law to a museum in New York for scientific purposes. What he had done now I could not guess; but he looked over his shoulder as if he was expecting something.

To certify myself, I turned the field glasses on him from my place of concealment. We two had read cow brands together at greater distances than this before now, under circumstances not quite the same as these. Dick would have scoffed at me had I failed to read human brands at that distance, whether in the Panhandle of Texas or the Panhandle of Alaska. It was he, and I hailed him by name when he came closer. Something of his old nervous way remained with him; for he went for his gun with old facility, and then blushed as he recollected that he had no gun.

"MAN," he remarked, "if you're a human, come out! If you're a ghost, stay right where you air!" I laughed and stood up, making the peace sign. "Prithee, gentle stranger," said he suavely, "why this suddenness? I suppose this is all right; but I wasn't expectin' you for another ten years. You haven't got a warrant for me, have you?"

We sat down together on the wet ground, in the watery sunshine of this most wet and watery of all created places. I observed that Wilson wore no hat, but that he disported a sealskin waistcoat, and was festooned as to his neck with a garland of yellow feathers, raiment singular on the part of a self respecting cowpuncher. His boots likewise were of seal leather and had no heels at all. None the less, with the reticence of the old days when we knew each other, I showed no unseemly curiosity; neither was he at first in any hurry to explain.

"My grub wagon, such as it is," said he after a time, "is over that-a way." He waved a vague hand toward Eagle Harbor settlement, where my schooner had touched on Government business. "I can't recommend my chuck, and you take your

own chances, though it hasn't killed me in three or four years, and may not you."

"Eat with me," I suggested. "I have two boxes of sardines and some pilot bread."

"Sardines!" he exclaimed. "That certainly sounds good to me! And what wouldn't I give for a package o' real old red canned tomatoes, with the juice all in! Man, you'll break my heart!"

"Eat hearty," said I. "How do they feed up here?"

"Gulls' eggs," he answered. "Not bad, but strong. They're so fishy that you feel like having an aquarium of beer to go with 'em—and you can't get the aquarium. And seal meat; and then some seal; and also seal again. Some codfish; all kinds of salmon; once in awhile whale. They don't have them things in Wyoming. Sometimes we get ducks, and once in awhile bear. Then we have the octopus."

"The which?"

"Octopus. It absorbs you-all back East; but here we absorb it. Devil fish, we call 'em. Have a leg?"

He was feeling in his pouch for something dry and longish; but I hastily excused myself.

"It ain't so good as whale," said he. "I can recommend whale. Then we have roots and herbs, I don't know what. Lucile gets 'em mostly, or Sullivan."

"Friends of yours?"

"Lucile ain't. She's only my wife—or was. Sullivan is my solid supporter. If it wasn't for him, I'd have been out of politics long ago."

"He seems to be white, and perhaps—Hibernian?"

"Sounds like it; but he ain't neither. He's yellow brown, and Allyoot all through. Sullivan was King when I came here. I couldn't pronounce his name; so I called him Sullivan for short. I'm King now; and Sullivan's the Secretary of State, I reckon. But he don't care; he's glad of it—and got good reason to be, as near as I can figger."

"You might unhook a line or so of explanation, perhaps."

"Oh, all right. But why be excited, in a country where the sun shines twenty-four hours straight—when it can get through the clouds? Listen, and I'll tell you the story of my life."

YOU know when I sold my mother in law to the Metropolitan Museum down in New York, the Indian Department got after me for cruelty, or something of the kind, though where the cruelty came in I never could see, her bein' dead. Anyhow, I had to hide out. I watched around in the city down there, and I'd taken the notion to go into the mounted

police. All you got to do is to set up easy on your horse an' look handsome. Onct in awhile you save the life of a rich heiress girl, or a rich hairless man, and you git rewarded. When I asked for a place, there was a vacancy all right,—one o' the Central Park Hussars had fell off his horse and broke his leg. Says I, 'Let me show you how to ride.' An' say they to me, 'Sure, if a man could ride, what would he do in the mounted police? G'wan!' So I went on.

"I got the daily newspaper habit down there, an' I read all about a feller named Carnagle, who had put up a hero fund: if you save a human life, you git a medal and five hundred dollars. I wasn't so eager about havin' the medal on my shirt as I was about havin' five hundred in my pants; for by that time my mother in law money was about run out. I broke into the life saving game strong, and pulled three old women an' a good lookin' young one out from under the street cars in less'n an hour. Each and everyone o' them ladies cussed me out abundant, enough to give a wool saddle blanket cold chills. It looks like I don't belong in that district. So back for Wyoming fer me, fast as I can go with my limited financial backing.

"I was on the black list of the cattle association in three States out there,—they're gettin' childish pertic'ler these days,—so I changes my name and locates on the Wind River, an' starts in with a guidin' outfit. If you can get a New York man out there and show him a last year's elk track, he gives you eight hundred dollars. I got temporary spiritual control of three or four such cases, and by an' by I takes up a little ranch of my own. I sold it to Uncle Sam for a part of the timber reserve. I had taken pains to reserve most of the timber before I sold it; but Uncle Sam don't care. By now I had a little stake again, an', bein' plumb sore on the way they run things on the range these days, I swore I'd start out and find me a real man's country, where a feller could take a full breath without payin' taxes on it.

ALL o' this country bein' taken up, I started for Canada. I lit off the end of the railroad at Edmonton, and then packed four hundred miles due north, lookin' fer some good huntin' country. What do you think? I found there'd been a huntin' and trappin' outfit in there ahead o' me for three hundred years. Ever hear o' the Hudson Bay Company? Well, the whole country was branded H. B. C. on the left hip, with a wattle out of both jaws, an' the dewlap, and an underbit ear on each side.

"One mornin' I looked out and seen a flag. Flags ain't never bothered me much; but this one seemed somehow funny. It didn't have no stars nor long stripes on to it—as any fool knows a flag has got to have, to be right. It was mixed up with red and white crisscrosses,—all wrong. They told me that was the English flag. 'Hell!' said I, 'that explains it!' Anybody'd know an Englishman don't know enough even to make a flag right; so I quit that place pretty darn pronto. I didn't know before that Canada was English. I thought it was Canadian, like it ought to be."

"And serves you right for ever leaving the Stars and Stripes," said I.

"But where could I go?" he rejoined. "You tell me, man, where a feller can go, to find a real man's country with a little bark on it. Where can you git a piece of sky nowadays that ain't fenced in? There wasn't no open range no more,—the sort o' country you an' me onct rode, where we didn't have to answer to nobody. We knowed a country o' cows an' men and horses. Stars and Stripes? I should say yes! Up north they had dogs instead o' horses."

"Yes, and now they've got sheep instead of cows in our own country."

"Sure, an' all the trees in forest reserves, an' all the games in parks. When I was in the Yellowstone Park last it was full of mountain sheep and grass widows, that'd all feed from the hand. That ain't wild enough fer me. All to it, I hit the trail, an' one mornin' I woke up in Seattle, Dog Town by the Sea, all hills and hollers. I had read in the paper somewhere that Alaska was a man's country, and I started for Alaska. I lowed I'd locate a little good huntin' country up here, an' then send back fer some o' my eastern friends and charge 'em a couple o' thousand dollars apiece for watchin' me



"You Ought to of Seen Lucile."



kill 'em a bear to take back for a trophy to the loved ones at home. But after I'd had a good look at the country I didn't have the heart to ask a sportsman to come here. He'd only fall down on the tin cans or break his neck on a clothesline some dark night.

"I had to do something; so I started out to find a little beach minin' or placer dirt somewhere. 'Me onct more for the sweet and simple customs of the primitive races,' says I. 'Take me to a country where a feller has to work only occasional. I'll turn Allyoot and settle down,' says I, 'seein' the show-down has come.'

SO I strolls over to this island one day a few years ago, an' soon discovered I was the only white man among them present. I asked for the King, and they showed me this feller I call Sullivan. With-out much pause I turned in and whaled the sufferin' tar out o' him, and explained to him afterwards. Says I to him, 'I have come to be King. I like the place, and 'low to settle. Do I settle?' asks I. 'And am I the only original, hand painted, blowed in the wool King, or am I not?'

"You are," says he; and he takes off his crown and handed it to me polite. So, cutting the story short, fer three years or more I've been the royal monarch of Tugidak, the worst and wettest place in all the world. It rains here all the time, an' so do I. Ha, ha! I haven't tried to make a joke before fer three years! With me, life has been plumb solemn."

Suddenly, as I looked at him, and recalled all the stirring incidents of his truly checkered career before and subsequent to the time I had known him as boss buster of the Double U in old Wyoming,—as I saw his ludicrous appearance as he sat here leather clad, alike ludicrous and pathetic.—I say, suddenly I rolled over in the wet moss and laughed till tears came to my eyes.

"Oh, laugh!" said he. "It's funny, ain't it? If you'd lived through what I have, it might not seem so blamed funny. If you get too gay, my son, you run against a few of my royal customs."

"You must remember, Mr. Wilson," said I with dignity, "that I am here to take the native census. I am an officer of the Government, and in that capacity I instruct you to go on with your story. It may be that Uncle Sam will have something to say about this."

"If Uncle Sam thinks he can scare me any," remarked my friend, "let him crack his little old whip. I didn't know whose island this was when I discovered it, whether it belonged to little Albert or Theodore Roosevelt. I was lookin' for beach gold, an' I found it."

"Then what did you do?"

"I located the whole beach, and put every cussed Allyoot on the island to workin' fer me on a fifty per cent. royalty basis. I instituted civilization right here, includin' poker. I trained Sullivan till he could play a right fair game at poker. I had a right pleasant and easy time, till I met up with this here High Priest o' the tribe, a feller I call David,—who's the real King, if you ask me.

NOT wishin' to get any of the political leaders sore on me, I held a few lines of conversation with this here High Priest David. I approached him careful like, an', spittin' on both hands, asked him what he thought o' me fer a King."

"He was plumb ca'm. Says he, 'It is customary fer any King who has knocked the block off'n a predecessor to do some triffin' general stunt to show the people that he's the real goods.'

"About what is the customary ante in these lines," says I.

"Oh, somethin' heroic," says he. "Somethin' like killin' off a few folks, or holdin' a big feast, or givin' away a few thousand dollars' worth o' presents. This latter," says he, 'appeals to me special.'

"Most o' my presents I forgot to bring along," says I. "I'm an ex-cowpuncher from Wyoming, an' I can ride anything with hair."

"Nothin' here that has got any hair," says he. "How'd you look on a whale, fer instance? Our livestock is limited; so your line of activities don't," says he, 'hev' no special appeal toward makin' you a popular hero.'

"Or I can shoot a few," I went on, not intimatin' I had heard him talk.

"Indeed?" says he. "Maybe you'd like to take your little bow an' arrer and go out and get Old Baldy?"

"Meanin' who?"

"Oh, that's the big grizzly that strolls down once in awhile an' eats a Allyoot or so before breakfast," says he.

"Then was when I made a awful bluff. Any King has got to, onct in awhile. There wasn't any shootin' irons on the island, an' I knowed it. 'I ain't special lookin' fer any bear,' says I; 'but I don't mind havin' a personal interview with Old Baldy, if I don't have to walk too far. My feet don't track, an' I don't like to walk.'

"No trouble about that," says the priest, who is plumb artful. 'Old Baldy he does all the comin' usually; an' the other feller he does the goin', if he can. Pa Baldy lives back here in the foothills about two mile, an' if he sees you, an' you stan' still, why, you'll get together without no more trouble. Our graveyard,' says he, 'is full of partial boots, an' if you'll examine the headstones in the cemetery you'll find that the epitaph on each one is a simple question mark. Old Baldy in these parts is held a legal ground fer divorce. If a man wanders out in them hills an' don't show up fer thirty days, it's legal fer his widder to marry again.'

"Then if I get Baldy, I'm King fer keeps, I reckon?"

"You certainly are," says he; but by the way he grinned I seen he was after the King job hisself. At first thought the King business don't look good to me either; but at last I got an idea.

"All right," says I to the priest. 'About to-



"David Says, 'You Owe the Tribe Double Now.'"

morrow sometime I'll stroll over and show this Baldy bear what a real King looks like."

"To what address," says he, "shall we ship the remains, in case there should be any such?"

"I only smiled scornful at that.

THE next day I told 'em my medicine was strong, an' that I 'lowed to go out an' mingle with Baldy. They was all willin' to let it go at that, an' I didn't explain. Weapons? I didn't have none but four cans o' bakin' powder, the last o' my flour, an' a little maple syrup I'd brought in on my grub list. I knowed I wouldn't need any o' these if I failed to get Baldy; for I was sure this here priest was playin' dirty politics behind my back, an' they'd hang me fer a imposter for two cents.

"I mixes up a batch of flour an' water an' syrup an' pours in all my bakin' powder. I puts down a piece er so o' dried fish fer bait, an' then I retires, knowin' that although Baldy may never have saw any maple syrup, he is goin' to mix it with instinctive an' immediate.

"Nothin' happens till along 'bout eleven o'clock that night. They was beginnin' to suspect their King; but all at once there comes a low, muffled roar, an' a sound like a soda water fountain has gone wrong.

"Do you know that little piece they used to teach in school about little Casabianca? Pore little Casabianca, the blamed fool, he held on too long! What happens to Casabianca Baldy up there in the hills? He stays with that maple syrup till he absorbs all that baking powder into his system. After that, to quote the words of the poet, and beginnin' after Baldy has sopped up a drink at the purling brook, 'Then came a burst of thunder sound. The bear—oh, where was he?' You can search me. I reckon some o' him landed in the bay, and part over the mountain. Any coroner's jury would have said the place where he had been at resembled a powder mill explosion."

I KNEW Dick Wilson too well to doubt either the picturesqueness of his details or the possible validity of his main assertions; so I made no protest, thinking he probably had killed the bear in some way. Presently he went on.

"My children," says I to them, ca'm, 'yore royal father will now retire to the royal wickiup an' smoke the royal pipe fer awhile; an' by the way, my children,' says I, 'henceforth any special prime sea otter goes to the King. Also, henceforth the royal royalties of the royal beach mines will be sixty per cent. instead of fifty. Naughty, naughty,' says I, 'to doubt your King!'

"An' say, you ought to see 'em come and push their Allyoot faces in the dirt. Even the High Priest was scared o' me.

"Says I to him, 'Am I King?'

"An' says he, 'You shore are.'

"It was so easy I hated to take the money. This was the first time I'd been fixed comf'able fer years. Now I had wiped out competition and got everybody workin' fer me at the same time, and if that ain't beneficent civilization, I don't know what you call it.

"Besides, it's government with the consent of the governed. Sullivan's plumb happy at bein' relieved of the throne. After a time he puts me wise. 'It is one of our tribal customs,' says he, 'that the ascendin' monarch takes over all the wives and families of the descending King,' says he.

"I learned that I was married ex-officio to three yellow ladies, one about eight feet around, and everyone with a disposition uglier than t'other. All I could do was to suspend the law fer awhile till I got acquainted.

"Seein' this High Priest was in on most of the plays, I goes to him fer advice. 'Great an' good friend,' says I to him, 'you are in on ten per cent. of the gross in the beach mine. I want your legal counsel. I'm married on the side to three wives, an' don't want 'em.'

"He brightens up distinct at this, an', puttin' his finger in his mouth, looks plumb coy. 'If you don't mind,' says he, 'I wouldn't mind arrangin' their mukluks at the edge of the blankets in my own bungalow over there!'

"You're it!" says I sudden. 'I might marry a Carlisle girl; but I ain't lookin' fer no Queen consort that wears a bone ring in her nose—not fer little Richard!'

OLD Mr. Priest gets brighter all the time, and I caught on that he was a natural born polygamist, as all them Allyoots is, such bein' their tribal custom. Says he, 'You know that party called Baranoffsky? I rather like the looks o' his wife, Tillygook. Oh, I'm so gay!' says he, puttin' his finger in his face an' rockin' sideways.

"You are," says I. 'Don't let your sixty years stop a regular divorce.'

"Oh, that ain't the way we do," says he.

"Eh bien?" says I, as we say in Montana near the line.

"We gotter be legal," says he. 'We'll hold a council. We can try a man fer bein' a witch, an' when a man is declared a witch the populace arises an' does things to him impulsive. Now,' says he solemn, 'it is my professional belief, as top waddy in the priest line on this rodeo, that that feller Baranoffsky is a witch.'

"How kin ye prove it?" says I.

"Easy," says he. 'Here's another of our tribal customs. I take the sacred deer skull and smear a little sacred taller in the eyehole, an' I set it out an' ketch a sacred mouse in the skull. Then I plug up the eyehole with grass, an' bring the skull home. Now we hold a council. I pull the grass out o' the eyehole. If the sacred mouse runs out o' the sacred skull an' lands on the person of any feller among those present, why he's a witch. I've found this plan very successful,' says he.

"So did David," says I.

"I never heard of David," says he.

"He's in the Bible," says I. 'He took a notion to his friend's wife, same as you do, and he sends the feller off to the war to get him killed. It figgers out about the same. Still, I dun'no as I care. A King has to stand fer a good many raw doin's.'

"So we hold the council, and David totes in his sacred mouse. He sets the skull down with the eyehole pointin' straight at Baranoffsky, which hisself looks an' smells a good deal like a taller candle. When they pull the hay out o' his deer skull, Mr. Mouse lights a-runnin', and flees as a bird to Baranoffsky's leather pants.

"Tag!" says I. 'You're it!'

"I regret to state," says the High Priest David, 'that the immortal gods seem to point out Mr. Baranoffsky as bein' a undesirable citizen.'

"I might as well draw a veil over what happened then; but when the proceedin's was over there was a nice new widow. No one made any kick when David's taken her to his priestly palace, singin' soulful in his innocent joy. An' then he says to me later:

YOU seem to have the instincts of a great leader. Get into the game some," says he. 'I've cut out most o' the best lookers fer my own string; but you oughter select yerself a Queen Consort. It's one of our customs. There's the half-sister o' Sullivan, fer instance.'

"This Baranoffsky incident had left me thoughtful. I seen these people was prompt and impulsive

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# "I TOLD YOU SO"

## About Dangerous Hair Dyes!

In 1906 and 1907 I published in the leading papers of this country a large advertisement called "Dangerous Hair Dyes" in which I set forth the dangers and disadvantages from the use of strong two-bottle dyes and particularly the lead and sulphur preparations with the thick sediment.

Now does it not seem significant that as soon as the pure food laws went into effect, makers of various preparations, which I warned you against at an earlier date, were forced by the new laws to change their labels and correct their unreasonable claims, and in many cases they have even changed their formulas and no longer claim to restore the color to gray and faded hair.

I have not changed my formula of the truly wonderful colorific preparation called Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer, because it always was, and still is harmless and good. It will convey to gray or faded hair the color that it originally was in a week or ten days without making the hair appear dyed. It is clean, and the treatment is as simple as combing

a little water onto the hair. As it contains no lead or sulphur, there is nothing to wash or rub off and it does not make the hair greasy, nor yet harsh, just leaves the hair to appear as it was in a natural state.

I believe we are selling more of Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer than all similar preparations put together, in spite of the fact that we do not advertise much, and advertise now only because we want the credit for exposing the worthless preparations long before the food and drug laws proved that I was right without the question of a doubt.

On request we will send to those interested a copy of our advertisement referred to above, called "Dangerous Hair Dyes," which gives information worth knowing for those whose hair is gray or faded.

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer is \$1.00 per bottle and will be sent direct by express, prepaid, on receipt of price. Address 3 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., It is also for sale and highly recommended by best druggists everywhere.

## ELEANOR CALHOUN—SOME CORRECTIONS

**A**N American Girl for Queen of the Balkans" appeared in our SUNDAY MAGAZINE for July 12. A talented daughter of America, Eleanor Calhoun, who married Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich of Serbia, was the subject of the sketch. While the article in the main referred to Miss Calhoun in terms of highest praise, there were some errors as to her dramatic successes which the Princess wishes to have corrected. These misstatements are thus refuted:

"No wealthy widow nor any other person than my parents ever contributed to my education. No 'wealthy widow' backed any theatrical ventures of mine, and the story of the broken engagement with this supposed widow's son is also entirely false. Only twice in my career were plays financed in my behalf: first on my debut in San Francisco as a mere child, when Mrs. Charles Crocker advanced three thousand dollars out of sympathy with the motives that led me to take up the career I was then entering upon. The only other instance was the production of 'The Scarlet Letter' in London, when a group of American friends headed by a New York banker and his wife, then living in London, put about four thousand dollars into the production.

"The statement that some person furnished me with two thousand pounds with which to make my studies in France is also completely and entirely false. My salary in the leading theaters of England was always very high. My period of study in Paris was supported by the money I earned during short engagements, to fill which I returned to London from time to time. On one occasion funds were sent to me by two or three Englishwomen of high rank who thought I ought to be put in a position to accomplish my task without further interruption.

"Neither did the writer correctly interpret the attitude of the French toward me. It is true there was some hostility to overcome; but it melted in a single instant on my first appearance in the Paris Odéon. I experienced in France, from press, public, government, and private individuals whom I met, nothing but the most perfect courtesy and even unlooked for kindness and appreciation. The government showed me special honor by giving permission for actors of the Théâtre Français for once to depart from the strict law of the theater and act elsewhere with me at the Comédie Parisienne. There, Jean Paul Mounet-Sully, an actor as noble in genius as in his private life, acted Orestes to my Hermione in Racine's

'Andromaque.' I have only pleasant and interesting memories to record of my work in France.

"The family with whom I found a home in Paris with all the affectionate protection I could have under my own roof, was one of the noblest of the old régime, consisting of a marquise, her daughter, and three granddaughters. I found in them all the exquisite breeding and Christian chivalry to be expected from such a home.

"I was never tutored by a Coquelin. The only Coquelin with whom I acted was the elder, the famous Coquelin-aîné. Before attempting Paris I played Katherine to his Petruchio at Orléans, and it was the press appreciation of that performance which caused the Odéon to offer me my Paris engagement.

"One other statement I must refute: that the breaking of a contract with a powerful manager resulted in my boycott. I never broke any contract, written or verbal. It is true, as stated, that arrangements almost completed, again and again fell through, for no good reason that I could perceive. It is also true that I was never able to fulfil my dearest dream, which was to return to America to give my work to the people of my own country. But I always imagined the explanation of these circumstances to be that I never had capital necessary for the exploitation of a world career; also I recognized that I had no knowledge of the business side of stage work, and no taste for it whatever."

Of Eleanor Calhoun's really remarkable achievements on the French stage, the Princess has only this modest little bit to offer:

"I can say that, though at one time it was grief to me to realize that I should never have a chance to enjoy in communion with an audience in my native land the great Shakespearean rôles, in which my spirit had joined foreign audiences in moments of that thrill 'that makes all the world akin,' still it was given to me to experience in London and Paris, and again in London, such hours worth living for, God given hours."

Prince Lazarovich modestly and worthily bears one of the oldest and most revered names and titles in all the Balkan country, and "An American Girl for Queen of the Balkans"—well, stranger things than that have happened. But these corrections by the Princess will show that the Lazarovichs had no hand in the original publication of the article, and thus can leave no vestige of a wrong impression in Serbia.

## The Ruler of Tugidak

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in their ways. Says I to David, 'Dear sir, yours to hand and contents noted. And in reply would say that, not wishin' to violate any tribal custom, I would prefer to delay the ceremony for a few days while engaged in thought.' Oh, well, I might as well admit it, they held a four days' engagement ceremony ahead of the wedding, with somethin' to drink they made out o' cedar tops, which gives you an awful headache.

"I called my intended consort Lucile—I always call any wife of mine Lucile; it sounds so sweet and maidenly. But really you ought to be seen Lucile. She weighed three hundred, easy. She was handy at makin' things out o' walrus and seals, an' doin' fancy stitched pants with feathers down the side. I'd a had King Solomon faded when it come to pants. I think Lucile an' me hooked up together would of made a sensation even in gay Páree—if we'd ever been hooked up, which we wasn't.

"I was a good King, if I do say it. I ain't comparin' myself to little Albert or Theodore Roosevelt; but I was a mighty fair kind o' King just the same. I didn't make no hard laws, an' I didn't 'low any graspin' corporation on the island except myself. The only thing I was afraid of was that old polygamist David. One day he comes to me, an' says he:

"I regret to state that I have took a fancy fer Lucile, your royal intended spouse," says he, 'an' unless you feel like leadin' her over to my wigwam peaceful, it may be necessary to hold another council in the interest of our tribal customs,' says he.

"I didn't mind gettin' shut o' Lucile. But I was raised to consider it impolite, when I was dancin' with a partner in the center o' the floor, to have some galoot waltz in an' take the girl away from me. Says I to David, 'I may look easy to you; but I ain't. You may now disperse,' says I to him, 'or I'll take a rock an' push your yellow face away out o' true!' He dispersed; but he had cards up his sleeve.

**ONE** day a feller came into the palace an' 'lowed I owed him five hundred dollars. "I don't remember your face," says I, 'an' I don't remember that I ever had five hundred dollars.'

"You've owed this twenty years," says he. "You're a eighteen carat liar!" says I. 'I've only been here three years, an' I never saw you before.'

"He departs; but by and by he comes back with David the polygamist. Says David to me, 'You are evident shy on our tribal ways. When you take over the King works, you also take over all the King's debts. The King inherits all his property through his wife's mother's brother. It don't descend from father to son, like it does with white folks. That's our tribal custom,' says he. 'An' much as Governor Brady may seek to abolish the

same, we mostly hang onto its beauty and simplicity in secret.'

"I could see I hadn't got away from the mother in law question, even in Alaska. 'But,' says I, 'if this debt has run twenty years, it's shore outlawed. In my country no self respectin' debt would look a man in the face after about seven years.'

"Different here," says he. 'A debt sets on a man's collar here till it's paid. Twenty years ago a relative of Sullivan accidental killed a man, an' he was fined five hundred dollars fer bein' careless. He didn't have the five hundred; but somebody has gotter have it, an' it looks like you had.'

"In answer I takes the High Priest by the pants and throws him outen the house. He smiled sad, rubbin' his leg; but that didn't end it with David.

"Next mornin' I heard a noise out in front o' the house, and there was this same feller pilin' up things on the ground,—guns, an' spears, an' blankets, an' hides, an' brass watches, an' samovars, an' all sorts o' objects dee art, as we say in New York. By an' by he turns around an' asks the populace if that's about five hundred dollars' worth. Then I caught on that they was workin' a Black Maria bad debt collection on me. The scheme was to make me ashamed of myself, so I would loosen fer five hundred.

"David comes to me, an' says he, 'This is what we call a shame!'

"It looks like it," says I.

"Yes," says he, 'the debt is double now, the other feller havin' throwed it in your face fer an insult. You now owe the tribe, under our customs, one thousand plunks; an', while we never crowd our King, I would beg to state—really I would beg to state—he says, slow an' sad. He had a kind of a 'You can guess the answer' tone in his voice, too.

"My kindly cannibal," says I, 'I don't settle on no such basis.'

"Art broke?" says he; an' says I:

"I shore art. Nothin' doin' in thousands to-day."

He looked thoughtful. 'If it is only a case of turnin' loose the royal consort Lucile,' says he, 'we have a very ancient and much respected tribal custom by which a shame can be wiped out, if the guilty party turns loose some slave,—a wife, for instance.'

"What! our royal consort?" says I, drawin' up proud.

"The same," he answers firm, an' turns on his coy look.

"I turns around to Lucile, and says I to her, 'Lucile, scat! You're free. An' thank God!' says I.

**YOU** old thief,' says I to David then, 'you make me think of New Jersey! Moreover, you embitter my soul. I don't hanker to reign in any country where the mother in law is so prominent, the statute of limitation so dash

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blamed long lived, and the custom of soul affinity divorces quite so danged flexible. What! says I, turnin' to my assembled subjects. 'Have we wrested Magna Charta from the hands of oppressors, only for to crook the supine hinges of the knee to any faker that blows in with tribal customs for an argument? No, a thousand times no! Either I shall reign over a free and independent people, with liberty guaranteed them on every second Tuesday of November durin' election years, or else I'll pull my freight. Fellow citizens,' says I, 'choose between us! That feller evidently intends to marry the whole island. Do you choose that yellow, pie faced marital monopoly that ain't goin' to leave no matrimonial possibilities outside his own *remuda*, or are you going to rally around the banner of Wilson the First,' says I, 'an' the cause of freedom an' our sacred personal rights?'

Dick Wilson sat silent for a time, looking out over the white topped hills.

"Well," said I at last, "what happened?" "They rallied around him! I didn't run one, two, eight! Say, it made me hot! Fer a few brief moments I showed 'em what a real King was like. If I'd had a couple o' good sixes, I'd a-showed 'em more."

"When did this happen?"

"This morning, three, four, hours ago."

"Then I infer you were looking for some kind of marine transportation?"

"I was. I am. I desire something in the boat line serious an' earnest."

**I** MOTIONED toward the harbor, signifying that my schooner was there; but Wilson did not seem anxious to depart.

"Say, won't you come with me?" he pleaded. "Won't you lend me a gun and join me for just thirty minutes, for the sake o' the Double U? Man, don't deny me the few pleasures I'm ever goin' to have left in this world! See, I'm gettin' old. There ain't no decent country left."

I shook my head. "I hate to deny us both the pleasure," said I; "but the Government wouldn't stand for it. You see, I'm here to take the census."

"If I had my way," said he, "with two good guns and plenty of ammunition, I'd make the census a heap easier to take. But, pshaw!

the trouble with me is, I'm always runnin' against some tribal custom or other."

"The trouble with us both," said I, "is that we're white."

He smiled at me with the old crook in the corner of his mouth, the same I once saw when we stood in a cottonwood clump in New Mexico together, twenty-five years ago.

"All right," said he, "it's the show-down. Me fer a ribbon counter somewhere, on a keen lode. How many yards did you say, ma'am? Thank you. Ca-a-ash!"

### SNOW INDOORS

**A**CCORDING to an eminent authority the same causes that produce a fall of snow in the open air—namely, a subjection of moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallize the drops of moisture that are formed—may, of course, take place under artificial conditions.

There is an instance on record that a man who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had by violent exercise brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend, and as he did so was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow on his head. Passing his hand over his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow there. It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the man's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snow storm of miniature proportions was produced.

A similar incident once occurred in Sweden. On a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a salon in Stockholm. Many persons were gathered in a single room, and it became so warm that several women complained of feeling ill. An attempt was then made to raise a window; but the sashes had been frozen in their places, and it was impossible to move them.

In this situation, it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted, so a pane of glass was smashed out. Immediately a cold current of air rushed in; and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere saturated with moisture had produced a snowfall indoors.

## A King in Khaki

Continued from page 10

aware that his voice was not very steady, and that a queer trembling feeling about his lips was making articulation difficult. But unaccountably that feeling was gone now. He had said those words, "It won't be easy, Christabel," in just the quiet, confident tone he recognized for his own, and it was just as quiet, just as confident, when he went on:

"Is everything too much to ask; everything, for always?"

She did not answer instantly; but when she did—the pause was not a long one—her voice was steady too. "No," she said quietly; "it's only too absurdly little."

**IT** was then that Christopher Beaumont opened the door. He took it very well, all things considered, especially in the library after dinner, when the shock had worn off a little and it was possible to explain things properly.

Of course it would be absurd for Christabel to enter into a formal engagement to marry a man whom she had known only two weeks. She should take a decent time to make up her mind, though that did not mean that her father was going to attempt to alter it.

"And after, say, a year," he concluded, "if she still thinks she wants you, I suppose I shall have to let you take her away."

"But not from you," she protested. "You've stopped work. You told me so, and Calico Jack too. You are going with us to Paradise."

Oh, that's what you called it yourself—so I'm not being sentimental."

**T**HERE were just the two of them, however, standing together in the bows of the reincarnated Orpheus when that serviceable craft cut the arc of a broad circle about the sea washed face of Fort Hill and came steaming into the dazzling little blue and white harbor. The flags were whipping from their poles again, the files of constabulary dressed in unbroken lines along the quay, the band playing the one tune it knew. There in a little crowd in front were the white clad figures of the staff, their faces already distinguishable as the distance lessened.

"There's Mr. O'Brien standing near Florence," said Christabel presently. "He's quite cured, isn't he?"

"Yes, Heyl's theory was right. But O'Brien wants to know which shock it was that did it. The roof fell on him first, and then Florence proposed to him; so he's afraid he'll never know."

They were almost within earshot now of the crowd on the quay.

"Old Calico Jack," she said under her breath, not looking at him, and waving an answer to the greetings from shore at the same time,—"old Calico Jack, do you like this better than the last time, better than two hundred years ago, and being a pirate, and having a hidden treasure?"

THE END

## OUR SERIALS

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